THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

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Here and There.

IT is with the deepest regret that we announce the death of Mr. Charles Dickens, which took place on Thursday last, at his residence at Gad's-hill.

According to present arrangements the Queen will leave Balmoral for Windsor on Friday, the 17th inst.

On Thursday, Florence Cecilia, Marchioness of Hastings, was married to Sir George Chetwynd, Bart., at St. James's Church, Piccadilly. The interior of the building was crowded, and the interest evinced in the event was manifestly intense. Subsequently the Marquis and Marchioness of Anglesey entertained the newly-wedded pair and nearly 170 friends at breakfast at the Clarendon Hotel. Later in the day Sir George and Lady Chetwynd left town for Datchet, near Windsor, where they intend to pass some weeks in retirement.

The flower show at the Royal Horticultural Gardens on Wednesday was the finest of the season. The rhododendron tent was in charming condition, and the show of orchids remarkable; the greenhouse plants were also very fine, and the quantity of flowers displayed such as has not been seen for some time past.

Since the examination at Bow-street of the men in female attire, the number of persons implicated in the several charges has increased, and the case has become more complex. In addition to Boulton and Park, we now have, under one or other of the charges advanced, Lord Arthur Clinton, Louis Charles Hurt, William Sommerville, Martin Luther Cumming, John Safford Fisk, and C. H. Thomas. Hence the evidence, even for the prosecution, has not the requisite completeness, and the trial has been postponed to the next session of the Central Criminal Court. It is stated that five thousand pounds has been sent anonymously for the defence.

The ballet girls who were injured by the accident at the Alhambra on Tuesday night are progressing so favourably, that it is expected that all except two will shortly be able to resume their duties on the stage.

Professor Goldwin Smith has addressed the following sensible, temperate, and gentlemanlike letter to Mr. Disraeli:—

"Cornell University, Ithaca, State of New York,
"May 25, 1870.

"SIR—In your 'Lothair' you introduce an Oxford Professor who is about to emigrate to America; and you describe him as 'a social parasite.'

"You well know that if you had ventured openly to accuse me of any social baseness, you would have had to answer for your words.

"But when, sheltering yourself under the literary forms of a work of fiction, you seek to traduce with impunity the social character of a political opponent, your aspersions can touch no man's honour: they are the stingless insults of a coward.—Your obedient servant, "GOLDWIN SMITH.

"The Right Hon. B. Disraeli, M.P."

Definition by the Hospodar of Duffraria: Friends are the relations of our choice.

Take two letters from money and there will be one left. We have heard of a fellow who took money from two letters and there wasn't anything left.

A man in Massachusetts recently opened a clothing store, and was sent to gaol for it. We should state that the clothing store belonged to another man.

The *Dundee Advertiser* reports another of those many actions brought by young women of a very humble position in life for breach of promise of marriage. In this case the plaintiff was Catherine Bisland, and the defendant was Alexander Gowrie, a farm servant; and she asked for 12*l.*, which is a favourite amount of *solatium* in Scotland. The plaintiff produced a number of ill-spelled love letters which she had received from the defendant between Midsummer and Christmas, in one of which he said:—"I was Glad when I opned the latter and saw that you had made up your mind and I hope you will not draw back now at this time and the Shipeard was asking when I was to take you and I said that I dount now Soud have not Got a way for myself yet and he sais the sonur the better for my salf." In another one he thus alluded to their marriage:—"Dear Lover the time iss faist a proaching when we muist be to gather my Dear it will be a naita day when the heven and the earth shall pass away and thear shall be no more seas." The plaintiff's mother proved that owing to the match being broken off the girl became affected. The Advocate asked, "In what way was she affected?" The mother replied, "I didna see her heart, to ken that." The Sheriff awarded the girl the money she claimed.

A late Marshal of France, showing his picture gallery to a friend, stopped before a work and said, "I prize that sketch beyond everything in my collection. It saved the lives of two poor Spaniards."

"Indeed!" said his friend, much touched; "how was that?"

"They were the proprietors," answered the Marshal with calmness, "and I threatened to shoot them if they did not give up possession. They did. The picture saved them."

Mr. Hurst, of Charlton, having occasion, one day last week, to call on Mr. Duffield, in the same parish, tied his horse to a gate, close to which stood a row of bee-hives. Being much teased by the flies, the horse became restless, and in twisting about overturned one of the hives, when the swarm settled on his head. On seeing this Mr. Hurst slipped off the bridle, in hopes that, when at liberty, the exasperated insects would soon cease torturing the poor animal; but unfortunately, in dashing it off, he overturned three more hives! the consequence was, that he was literally covered with bees, which stung him to that degree that, in his agony, he rushed into a pond, where, alter rolling once or twice over, he crawled out and expired on the bank.

En été, devant Tortoni, où des consommateurs prennent de l'absinthe étendue d'eau glacée:

Passent un paysan et sa femme.

"Regarde donc, Jean."

"Hein?"

"Tu vois bien qu'il fait plus froid en carafes à Paris, que cheux nous: leurs hiver sont encore gelées."

In the days when Preston was considered "fashionable," ere the requirements of trade had swallowed up nearly every vestige of green parks and spacious gardens formerly connected with many town residences, there were in Stoneygate several neat villas, surrounded by shady trees and luxurious orchards. One of these was occupied by a rather eccentric Quaker, named John Danson. The house which John occupied was owned by the Earl of Derby, of sporting notoriety. In their early days the embryo earl and the Quaker boy had been schoolfellows at the Preston Grammar School, which was then in Stoneygate. The Quaker had been for some time very tardy in paying up his rent, and Mr. Baines, the earl's agent, had on sundry occasions threatened him with a descent of the "Philistines," in the shape of bailiffs. One morning he started off on foot to Knowsley, and gaining admission to the park, walked up to the hall-door, and rang. On the footman answering the bell, John put the simple question, "Is Edward in?" "Edward!" exclaimed the astonished lackey; "what Edward do you mean?" "Edward Stanley. He lives here, doesn't he? Is he in? I want to see him," replied the Quaker. "Go away, you impertinent fellow!" was the indignant rejoinder, and the footman slammed the door in the Quaker's face. But John was not to be discouraged by this ungracious reception; he had come to see the earl, and did see him. The lackey eventually took in his name, and John was immediately ushered into the presence of the noble earl, whom he saluted with—"Well, Edward, how art thou getting?" "Very well, thank you, John," replied his lordship, extending his hand, and warmly shaking that of his visitor. "It's a long time since thou and me went to Preston Grammar School together," added the blunt Quaker. "It is indeed, John, a very long time," replied his lordship. "I am very glad to see you. How are you getting along? And what has brought you over to Knowsley?" "I am sorry to say," responded John, "that I've but been getting on very badly lately. I cannot raise brass to pay my rent, and that man of thine at Preston—Baines—he's a vast saucy fellow—says if I don't pay up before next Thursday, he'll send th' bums. So I 've come to ask thee to give me a bit longer time." "Well, John," said his lordship, "I suppose you 've been rather unfortunate lately; so I'll forgive you the rent altogether. And," added his lordship, "I 'll tell you what I'll do further. You may live in the house rent free as long as you do live." John's protestations of gratitude for this act of generosity were unbounded. He took his departure from Knowsley with a much lighter heart than when approaching it. Some time after John's visit to Knowsley, during one of the race weeks, Lord Derby, when proceeding to Cock Pit, to join in his favourite sport, met John in Stoneygate, when, after a friendly salute, the latter said, "I see, Edward, thou hasn't given up thy silly, sinful practices yet!" "No, John," replied the earl, "I have not. But if all my tenants paid their rents as you do, I should very soon have to give it up altogether." And with this rebuke his lordship walked on.

L'autre jour, un de nos collaborateurs fêtait chez lui l'anniversaire de sa naissance. Il avait mis, comme on dit, les petits plats dan les grands.

La bonne, très intriguée de savoir au juste l'âge de son maître, finit par lui dire:—

"N'est-ce pas que monsieur vient d'avoir trent-neuf ans?"

"Trente-neuf ans! fit en bondissant notre ami, qui ne les a pas. Où diable avez-vous pris cela?"

"Dame! sur votre journal, il y a écrit: *Trente-neuvième année!*"

"Hein! quelle chance! s'écria-t-il que je ne sois pas rédacteur de la *Gazette de France!*"

The valley in which the Oos plays its pranks is a shady, tranquil opening between hills that are steep enough to be charmingly picturesque to any mortal not a member of the Alpine Club; neatly gravelled pathways and avenues under spreading trees intersect this opening, which is as richly verdant as any spot in favoured England, and as well kept as a royal lawn; and on the slopes of the hills rich meadows stretching away offer a mass of lively green up to where a darker tinting is traced in groves of pine. The castellated walls of a chateau on one eminence diversify the view, while handsome villas, calling up to an active imagination warm interiors musical with woman's voice, the rustling of silk, and the touch of fair fingers on the keys of grand pianos, carpets, chandeliers, and comfortable fare—in fine, the many visions of easy home life—complete the quiet picture. Walk through the clean well-paved town, and if you are at all observant you soon discover that it is a resort of pleasure-seekers—a town that takes in the stranger and does for him. Hotels with inviting porches and roomy halls are numerous, and shops that minister to man's luxuries rather than his wants fill the ranks between. There are toy shops for the children, too, in plenty, and, turning to the right, into the space before the Kursaal, the devil's palace of this hell, we come upon an arcaded street which is, without any pretence to the contrary, a bazaar such as flourishes only in the zone of climate where gold is at a discount. Articles of jewellery and marqueterie, perfumes and ivory carvings, elaborate fans and dandy neckties—these, and such as these, are the wares there laid out for sale. The devil's palace, of which I have already spoken, is a large, stately Grecian-looking building, with a colonnade in front, up and down which fat servants, in liveries of blue and silver, take indolent promenades, and occasionally make a remark to the ornamental policeman at the wide portal in his semi-military tunic of dark green, with light infantry wings to its shoulders, and his imposing glazed helmet of the Prussian spiked pattern. Three brave mites of English boys do not appear to stand in proper awe of these pompous domestics and that ornamental policeman; they are making heroic efforts to play a game of single-wicket on the damp-ground before the "Conversation House." Three little French misses, the belles of some balls in the future, look on, large-eyed, with admiration mixed with amazement. To the right of the devil's palace there is a *restaurant* served by an army of black-coated waiters. As we pass it and skirt the "Conversation House" on our way to the mid entrance, a confused hum reaches us from an open window, and we see a group of persons of both sexes gathered round a table lit by a multiplicity of shaded gas-burners, for the twilight is falling. Are they conversing? Well, perhaps not.

WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

"For none at once become completely vile.—JUVENAL.

SUPERSTITION is not necessarily injurious, inasmuch as an excellent code of political and social morality may be founded upon a very foolish superstition, which will give to the dictates of conscience, in separating and distinguishing Right from Wrong, the force of a Divine Law.

But when men hardily profess a faith in a creed which they do not believe, they are not in any way governed by any force except the civil law; and the moral influence of conscience, based on hypocrisy and false professions, has no power to restrain the self-indulgence of egotism. To so great an extent this false profession of a religious faith has spread in England, from the successful and mischievous demoraliser of the age—the journalist in the pay of Rothschild and in the interest of the Orleanist, who ceaselessly endeavours to injure the ally and friend of Great Britain—to the sanctimonious sabbatarian, who reads the Fourth Commandment, but omits its concluding phrase, written by Moses and deposited in the ark (Deuteronomy v. 14): from the Turf to the Tabernacle; from the banker in his counting-house to the shopkeeper at his counter, the whole framework of society is tainted with fraud, hypocrisy, and falsehood, so much, that even a Frenchman laughs at our morals, and denies the existence of any moral code in the country. Here, egotism, not yet arranged in a system as in the United States, upon the dogma of Senator Sumner, "Every man has a complete title to himself direct from the Almighty," has not yet quite repudiated the axiom "*nec sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo.*"—*Lucan;* but sustained and supported by the foolish assertion of J. S. Mill, that "over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign" (*Mill on Liberty, Chap. I.*), it endeavours to conceal its hideous features under a mask of philanthropy or philosophy; and, whether in the expenditure of a dozen millions, producing a miscegenation that will puzzle the Cuviers of the next generation to separate the children of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, in Abyssinia; or in the appointment of a dozen doctors to examine the worshippers of the impure Venus in our own garrisons, the will of Power is the only standard of public or private morality among millions who profess the Christian religion. To the second-named instance of modern morals, the attention of the readers of the *Man About Town* will perforce be directed by the agitation which that remarkable Act of Parliament, 32 & 33 Vict. c. 96, 11 August, 1869, is occasioning. The supporters of this forensic prodigy assert that it has been generated, incubated, and hatched philanthropically, for the particular and especial salvation of the army and navy; and they cackle with proud satisfaction over the following enactment (*see Sect. 4 of the Act of* 1869, *and Sect. 15 of* 29 *Vict., c. 35,* 11 *June,* 1866):—

"Where an information on oath is laid before a Justice by a Superintendent of Police, charging to the effect that the informant has good cause to believe that a woman therein named is a common prostitute, and either is resident within the limits of any place to which this Act applies, or being resident within ten miles of these limits, or having no settled place of abode, has within fourteen days before the laying of the information been within these limits for the purpose of prostitution, or has been outside these limits for the purpose of prostitution, in the company of men resident within the limits, the Justice may, if he think fit, order that the woman be subject to a periodical medical examination by the visiting surgeon, for any period not exceeding one year."

The places to which the act applies are—

Aldershot	Sheerness
Canterbury	Shorncliffe
Chatham	Southampton
Colchester	Winchester
Down	Windsor
Gravesend	Woolwich
Maidstone	The Curragh
Plymouth and Devonport	Cork
Portsmouth	Queenstown.

So that if a Superintendent of Police swears that he has "good cause to believe" that any woman has been outside the limits of these named places for the purpose of prostitution with a man resident within these limits, the woman named is liable to a periodical examination for a year; or to imprisonment with hard labour for a month, if she refuses to be examined. (*See Sect.* 28, 31.)

Surely one may reasonably inquire upon what code of morals, or upon what religious system is this enactment founded? does it represent any principle of morality or religion; or is it any thing else than an expression of the tyrannous will of a powerful majority, sufficiently strong to assail the prostitute, but too cowardly to attack her masculine paramour? We know by that pleasant episode in Ancient History (Genesis xxxviii. 2), which is appointed to be read in churches upon the 20th of January, every year, to

"Teach the young idea how to shoot,"

that harlotry is not a mere modern institution, and one need not refer to that respectable individual "the oldest inhabitant" to ascertain 3,590 years after Judah and Tamar flourished, many love-passages are interchanged in high places, without the intervention of priest, parson, or minister; naval, military, or gaol chaplain. Our astute legislators can scarcely expect to eradicate a social evil with such long roots, by their great achievement of driving 70 women from one garrison town and 100 from another; and no extraordinary arithmetical acquirements are required to determine that if 70 or 100 women are driven out of a town, there will remain in the town 70 or 100 fewer in number. But where are the 70 or 100 gone? And what crime had been committed by the women thus banished, except that they had refused to be brutalised in a manner that would be disgusting among the beasts at a Smithfield Cattle Show. Surely one may inquire into the antecedents of character and conduct of the village Rhadamanthus who thus exercises his power of ostracism—when the mere diminution of disease might have been secured by an enactment that would make the communication of the malady, by either man or woman, a misdemeanor; and by subjecting the suspected prostitute to examination, in the first instance, by a woman. And, moreover, let us be told what is a common prostitute? Is Aspasia, or Lais, or Phryna, or Anonyma, to be dragged from her carriage and imprisoned with hard labour for a month? It has been said by a witty woman, that she who has been embraced once knows "what 's man:" she who has extended her favours to two, knows "what 's what;" and she who has been the amorous companion of more than two, knows the "devil knows what." Will our model-moral-mongers, declare the exact price of a woman's charms, or the precise number of a woman's paramours at which uncommon prostitution terminates, and common prostitution commences? And when the great mind-everything party has thus distinguished itself in lexicography, will its leaders kindly tell us whether they are, or are not Christians? and graciously inform the bewildered inquirer by what school of philosophy they direct their morals. Lady Blessington has well and truly said, that a woman may lose her modesty, and yet preserve her virtue, and may part with her virtue and still retain her modesty; but when virtue and modesty are both lost, the unfortunate creature becomes an outcast. Let us picture to each other the spectacle of fifty or sixty women, only women—the hireling is there, where is the hirer? the contaminated are paraded, where are the contaminators? Only woman is thus brutalised; only women, who were once, and not long ago, virtuous, modest, and perhaps respectable, turned out by a policeman periodically, marched up to a hospital, stretched out, &c., &c., and then let the Christianity, or the civilisation of 1870 A.D. say if this picture represents its morality and its morals. We know that marriage is not a sacrament in Protestant England: it is not always a religious ceremony; and although the form of the old hedge parson—

"Here, in spite of wind and weather,
I join this rogue and w——e together;
And none but He who made the thunder,
Can put this w——e and rogue asunder"

is not now legal; and we have not yet introduced the American license by which a clergyman on one side a river can marry a restless couple standing on the other bank. The Register's Office, and the Divorce Court, have rendered "matrimony," which always commenced with "Dearly beloved," and ended with "Amazement" (*see Common Prayer*) one long term of amazement from its beginning to its termination. Nevertheless, even of this legal right the law deprives the soldier. And do our puny legislators suppose that, assisted by the *Times*, unrestrained by any system of morality or religion, and uncontrolled by truth or honesty, they are stronger than the law of God, uttered by the voice of nature? Upon this matter the words of woman must be heard: it is woman's question; it touches woman's dearest rights; it enters every household; it reaches every fireside. It legalises prostitution; but it first brutalises the prostitute. It deprives the soldier of a wife's tenderness, and takes from him the temporary society of any woman who retains either womanly sentiment or self-respect. It is a fair transcript of the morality of the *Times;* we will not accept it as a representation of the national morals. Cornelia, whose richest jewels are her boys, and Lais, although not rich enough to build another Thebes, are alike assailed; but they need not be alarmed by the tall writing of the successful demoraliser, Hireling Either-Side: a very little reflection will tell the men of England the effect the law of 11th August, 1869, must have upon the national morals.

DRAMAS FOR THE DRAWING ROOM.

BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

A DOMESTIC SCENE—IN ONE ACT.

(*Continued from page* 179).

Mrs. L. (*puts down her work, rises, and walks about the room*). This is barefaced effrontery, or I know nothing about it. He was within an ace of assuring me that I ought to be grateful for the distinction he has conferred on one of my sex. The temptation to speak of what runs in the head must be strong indeed, when it compels a man to expatiate on his mistress to his wife. If he believes only half he said he is a bad man, vicious on principle, by demonstration and in cold blood. The horrible part of it is, that his conscience seems more at ease after this half-avowal and cunningly-conceived apology. He never wasted a thought on me, on my fears, my wounded pride, my jealousy, while sustaining his ridiculous thesis; he was intent solely on a miserable kind of self-justification and encouragement in his evil doings. (*After a pause.*) And this creature!—with not two ideas!—with nothing but two cruel eyes too large for her face, and a cascade of black hair, which I don't believe is all her own. I wish him joy. It would be too contemptible for an honest woman to sit down and cry about Madame Moricaud. But it is miserable work. I would give ten years of my life for a little one to love me, and tell my troubles to. (*Dries her eyes.*)

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. A gentleman has just left this letter, ma'am. [*Gives letter, and exit.*

Mrs. L. Another! It can hardly be more unpleasant than the last, that is one comfort. (*Opens the letter, and utters a cry of joy.*) Heavens! from Percy Carlton! He has come back (*reads hastily*); returned only this morning; will come and see me to-morrow—why not to-night? Worn out and a confirmed invalid; poor fellow! no wonder. Four years of that horrible climate, and a bad wound. But he has come back; and his own country, and his own people, will soon cure him. No danger in our meeting now. No, that romance has passed. I am getting an old woman; and he sick, suffering, and, according to his own account, hardly to be recognised from the effects of fever and sabre-cuts. How I long to see him! How much he must have to tell me! At last there will be one in the country who cares for me. My fireside will not be so lonely this winter, after all. What is that? A carriage? Can it be Horace returned? (*Listens.*) It is. What delightful *contretemps* can have taken place? I hear him grumbling already. (*Takes up her work, and knits assiduously.*)

Enter CAPT. LAWLESS (*out of temper*).

Capt. L. It would be just as well, Emily, I think, to have a light placed in the ante-room, if you wish people to reach your door without breaking a limb. I have been stumbling over the furniture, in the dark, for half-an-hour.

Mrs. L. Is it possible?

Capt. L. It is certain. (*After a pause.*) What upon earth is that dreadful thing you are making?

Mrs. L. It is that pretty little thing you were good enough to admire so much just now.

Capt. L. I must have been dreaming. Couldn't you confine your industry to articles of a reasonable magnitude? Woollen fishing-nets have their use, no doubt, but they are not exactly ornamental to a drawing-room.

Mrs. L. As I am not working for you, I must put up with your disapprobation. Allow me to remind

you, however, that my ball of wool is not improved by being rolled under your foot.

Capt. L. I beg your pardon. I didn't see it.

Mrs. L. Might I ask you to pick it up?

Capt. L. (*picks it up weariedly*). I thought it always lay on the carpet.

Mrs. L. Not usually. By-the-bye, what did you think of the illustrious stranger—otherwise, the cacique?

Capt. L. I don't know; he didn't come.

Mrs. L. (*looking at his dress*). And all those magnificent preparations wasted! You must be dreadfully annoyed.

Capt. L. Is that a polite way of informing me that I have come home disagreeable?

Mrs. L. I think you most agreeable, on the contrary, to have come home at all. You might have passed the whole evening at your club, and you prefer to spend it quietly with your wife. Such noble sacrifices are never lost on me; in return for this one, I am going to give you a piece of good news.

Capt. L. Indeed!

Mrs. L. Yes. If I am not mistaken, you were intimate with Percy Carlton some years since.

Capt. L. Pretty well; yes; I knew something about him. He 's in India, I believe.

Mrs. L. He is not in India.

Capt. L. Oh!

Mrs. L. You will be glad to hear that he is not only not in India, but that he is in London. He arrived in England yesterday, and will be *here* to-morrow.

Capt. L. (*after a pause*). Was not Mr. Carlton said to be an admirer of your's at one time?

Mrs. L. There *was* some gossip of the kind, I believe.

Capt. L. There was even a question of marriage on the *tapis*, if I have been rightly informed.

Mrs. L. Well, yes, it was said so. But (*inclining her head*) you presented yourself, Captain Lawless—you presented yourself—*c'est tout dire*.

Capt. L. (*with affected carelessness*). You did not care much about him, apparently.

Mrs. L. Who can tell? I was a mere child. You know what our predilections are worth in the days of our girlhood. We know nothing of the state of our own hearts.

Capt. L. Am I to understand that to the same naïve ignorance I am indebted for my present happiness?

Mrs. L. You ask information of another world. How can I possibly take upon myself to analyse my feelings four years ago?

Capt. L. At any rate, you did not care for Mr. Carlton.

Mrs. L. I don't know that I should be justified in saying so much. Not more, perhaps, than for any one else.

Capt. L. You liked him a little, then?

Mrs. L. A little—a great deal—passionately—not at all. What is the meaning of this curious retrospective jealousy, my dear?

Capt. L. (*coldly*). Jealousy? I? You must be dreaming.

Mrs. L. I don't wish you to display it, although I might accept a slight attack now and then as a delicate attention. But if to claim exemption you rely on the effect produced by your homily on cases of conscience just now, I must frankly admit that I did not profit by it. I have my ideas on the subject—peculiar, no doubt, to *my* sex as your opinions to your own; keep them by all means, but let it be clearly understood, that I keep mine also.

Capt. L. Is that a threat?

Mrs. L. No more than your oration, just mentioned, was an excuse.

Capt. L. Bah! You must have seen that I was in jest.

Mrs. L. I, too, of course.

Capt. L. If you really attach any importance to the admission, I am ready to allow that the misconduct of the husband is quite as reprehensible as that of the wife. Can anything be more reasonable?

Mrs. L. And I am ready to maintain that the "misconduct" (as you call it) of a husband is more blameable twofold than that of a wife.

Capt. L. That is a novel view of the case to take, and one which will require some proving.

Mrs. L. In the first place you must admit that, in the majority of instances, wives are placed in this dilemma: they must either deceive their husbands, or die of solitude and neglect. Upon however solid a basis female virtue may rest, it requires some little encouragement, and some slight support; you refuse it both the one and the other.

Capt. L. I?

Mrs. L. You no more than the rest. I am discussing the general rule, without descending to illustration. Men have a thousand ways of employing their time, of occupying their minds, of applying their superfluous activity. With them it is but a choice of distractions. If with these advantages they seek the excitement of infidelity, you must allow that it can only be for the sake of doing wrong.

Capt. L. Oh, as for that——

Mrs. L. When a man marries he is rarely young in anything but age; in experience of life, in knowledge of the world, he is comparatively an old man. He is equally well versed in the seductions of the senses as in the affections of the heart; and married life finds him tolerably indifferent, if not insensible, to both.

Capt. L. Really, my dear——

Mrs. L. It is, therefore, from simple licentiousness, from mere corruption, that you fail in your allegiance to your wife. With us women it is widely different. We are beginning life when you, in one sense, are ending it. Against every description of danger, temptation, and surprise we have no other protection than a mere instinct of self-defence; while you are armed, *cap-à-pied* in the impenetrable armour of experience. Nor is this all. Your lapses have a spontaneity, a proneness to take the initiative, which does not belong to ours. You attack: all we can do is to defend; and the contest is one, you must allow, in which there are conspicuous advantages on the side of the storming party. That we are to blame when surprised or outmanœuvred I don't deny; but what is to be said of you, who come into the field with your plans arranged, and scruple at nothing for victory? And even in the event of a reverse, recollect, *your* guilt remains the same: the intention which led you into action constitutes the crime; you are equally a scoundrel, whether you succeed or fail. In fine, we possess over you the moral superiority of the game over the sportsman: we are the hunted, you the hunters; and for every one of your miserable triumphs a victim bleeds. I will only add one word: when infidelity enters your house it is, nine times out of ten, by the door which you yourselves have left open.

Capt. L. Your arguments may be very ingenious; but I can only say that the opinion of all ages, laid down by the laws of every country——

Mrs. L. I decline to be insulted by the laws until I have broken them. Who makes them, pray? How can wives expect impartiality from a code drawn up by their husbands? If an unfaithful wife brings trouble on her own family, does not an erring husband carry it into the family of others? I don't see how society is a gainer by the exchange.

Capt. L. Well, your argument has convinced me on one point: you are wonderfully pretty when you are excited.

Mrs. L. I have reasoned to little purpose if that is all the fruit of my eloquence.

Capt. L. But tell me, I beg, whence have you drawn the rhetorical weapons which you handle so skilfully?

Mrs. L. You hold, I know, to the popular definition of woman: an animal that *may* cook, but cannot reason.

Capt. L. No, indeed; but——

Mrs. L. But something like it. Well, Captain Lawless, you have tried to pass a piece of bad money, and I have given you your change. (*Rolls up her work and rises.*) Good night.

Capt. L. What? Do you go to bed so early?

Mrs. L. At eleven o'clock, with great regularity. I am glad to inform you of one of my habits.

Capt. L. I had no idea it was so late.

Mrs. L. Much obliged.

Capt. L. (*after a pause*). Do you know that you are much too pretty to be my wife?

Mrs. L. It cannot be helped now.

Capt. L. I mean to say, that I love you more than I ever expected to love a wife.

Mrs. L. The conclusion is so flattering, that I would not for the world reproach you with the time you have taken to arrive at it.

Capt. L. You are the loveliest and best of wives, and I am half afraid I am unworthy of my happiness. (*In a lower tone, taking her hand.*) Can you forgive me?

Mrs. L. Are you in a state of grace?

Capt. L. How do you understand it?

Mrs. L. Is your conscience perfectly at ease to-night? Have you nothing to disburden yourself of before you sleep?

Capt. L. With the exception of my clothes——

Mrs. L. Be serious. Do you not see that I know all?

Capt. L. My wife, if you know *all*, you will know that the total is not so formidable as it looks. Neither you nor I have been altogether in earnest in defence of our matrimonial theses to-night. There is right, no doubt, on both sides; but I fancy truth, as usual, lies in the midst, and it requires the summing up of a judge to decide between the advocates. Were I permitted to assume that office, I should be obliged to admit, in my judicial capacity, that there is more weight in your arguments than, as counsel, I saw fit to allow. I confess, too, that my own case presented too tempting an illustration to be passed over without a little justifiable severity. On my own views I never seriously intended to insist; and trust me, the state of things which might have induced me to attempt a half-justification of them has passed away for ever. I may be late in coming to a right perception of the truth, and in appreciating my happiness; but you know the old proverb, and Mr. Charles Reade's comment upon it. You have ever held the first place in my heart, and the only sensible part of the rhetorical exercise with which I favoured you was that in which I urged (with perfect truth, so far as I was concerned) that the follies of a husband may be the fleeting recreations of an hour abstracted from the lifetime of love and devotion he consecrates to his wife. Rhetoric apart, I have no more jealousy of Captain Carlton than you have of (*with a slight effort*) Madame Moricaud. Let us forget the wise things we said of conjugal duty in the abstract; for the future it shall be *my* study, at all events, to improve my practice of it in particular. I am full of admissions to-night; but I will end by confessing that that branch of my *devoir* is one which, like a rickety child, may be "benefited by change."

Mrs. L. (*gives him her hand*). You are generous, Horace; but probably you know that with us women that policy is not the worst that could be adopted. I, too, exaggerated the facts of my case; and you know how scrupulous a feminine advocate can be when she wishes to influence a jury. However, the question has been gone into sufficiently, and both parties agree in not pressing for a verdict. I think both of us (I can answer for one) will have gained by the free discussion we have held to-night. May we hope (*turning to the audience*) that the jury will have lost nothing by hearing

"BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION."

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Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXXIII.—AXLE.

First—

I hired the other day from Haxell
A Drag to take me to the Park;
But Boltin' steed and broken axle
Deprived me of my promised lark.

QUÂZ QUÂK.

Second—

(1)

I give it up, I do, don't quiz,
My efforts I relax all;
'Tis very hard, indeed, it is,
To find a rhyme to axle.

(2)

Of the wheel of life in London,
You 'll grant the Strand 's the axle,
And the best inn there to stay at
You 'll find is kept by Haxell.*

(3)

"Triple Harp" felt far above
Such an easy word as love;
But he thinks you 've found a crackskull
Word, dear sir, this week in axle.

TRIPLE HARP.

E'en as a wheel when propelled turns round its axle,
So, would you set in a whirl this vast globe of ours;
Far before famine or war, you will find that a tax 'll
Do this with more ease. Is not money the greatest of powers?

DON ROBERTO.

List to my rhyme, spun out like flax: well,
What a naughty boy is Johnny Caxel;
He 's gone and broken the gig wheel's axle;
I caught him at it, and gave him some whacks well
With a bamboo cane.

Soon to school, sir, him I pack shall,
Where the master again him tax shall,
For doing wrong, and give him some cracks well,
Until in pain he loud shall "*pax*" yell,
And roar once more again.

nais.

This fearful drought and summer heat
Will make the clover stacks sell;
Enhance the price of butchers' meat,
And make the Poor-law tax swell.

Thro' clouds of dust, by road and rail,
We use each wheel and axle;
Tho' Epsom revels seldom fail
To prove poor Merry's crack knell.

CARLINO.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXXIV.—JUGULAR.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

* P.S.—Not being the poet of the establishment, I expect at least a dozen of champagne from the worthy landlord, beside the prize.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. S. V. P.—Yes; or, Real Sillery Very Pleasant.

CHANG.—It is not surprising that you should affect tall talking; but it will not Chang our opinion.

DIAL.—The time test is rubbish. We cannot spare time to enter into the question here. We may do so, some day, in another place.

O SAPIENTIA.—Oh, stuff and nonsense.

VIXEN.—Buy a dog-collar, and wear it.

HABET.—Then how can he have lost it? Yet he was never so good, scientifically, as Mace, the *cleverest* man we ever saw, though certainly not the best fighter.

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

COVENT GARDEN.—La Traviata. Half-past Eight.
DRURY LANE.—Rigoletto. Half-past Eight.
ADELPHI.—The Loan of a Lover—Put Yourself in His Place. Seven.
LYCEUM.—His Own Rival—Breaking the Spell—Little Faust. Half-past Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Music hath Charms—At Eight: Mary Warner—The 'Varsity Boat Race Seven.
STRAND.—Loving Hearts—Kenilworth. Half-past Seven.
GAIETY.—The First Night—At a Quarter to Nine: The Princess of Trebizonde. Half-past Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'.—Dearest Mamma—At Eight: M.P.—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—My Wife's Dentist—'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—She Stoops to Conquer—La Belle Sauvage. Seven.
HOLBORN.—Married Daughters and Young Husbands—Behind the Curtain. Half-past Seven.
VAUDEVILLE.—Cupboard Love—Two Roses—Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.
GLOBE.—The Artful Dodge—The Porter's Knot—Robert Macaire. Half-past Seven.
CHARING CROSS.—Illusions—The Gentleman in Black—Captain Smith. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1870.

AT THE ACADEMY.

OUR labours are nearly at an end, or at least such work as we have the power or inclination to fulfil; for we venture to assert, that of the crowds who throng the galleries of Burlington House, not a tithe interest themselves, or even bestow a passing glance at the miniatures, the architectural drawings, or the sculpture. It is shame that it should be so; but we must accept facts as we find them; and it is not the province of the *Man About Town* to weary his readers with dull criticisms upon branches of art that (however full of interest they may be to particular circles) fail to touch, as we do not hesitate to assert, the hearts and sympathies of the million. Hundreds, who would linger enraptured over Millais or Landseer, would turn *ennuyèd* from the finest productions of Bell, Thornycroft, or Durham. Again, the season wanes, and, late as we were in unfolding our views on this year's Exhibition, long behind most, if not all of our contemporaries, our successive notices have carried us forward to a period at which even the most enthusiastic art student will be disposed to cry, "Hold! enough!" and rest content till next May shall bring him to "fresh scenes and pastures new." Thus we are content to make enemies of the miniature painters, the architectural draughtsmen, and the sculptors: and for why? Pure selfishness, my dear reader, which is the mainspring of most human actions, and which reigns, as it always does, predominant in the breast of a "Man About Town." We left off last week in the Water Colour Gallery, and, referring to our catalogue, the next picture for notice on our list is (645), "Going Astray," by W. Gosling. This is a pretty picture, and carefully painted; but would be equally taking by any other than the chosen title. Sheep, when they do go astray, follow their leader in a wild scamper, and there is always some adventurous champion to head the flock; but here we have a whole flock, looking in an absurdly sedate way over a bramble fence, and apparently in anything but a mood to break their bounds. (652), "Cottagers," by W. C. T. Dobson, A., is a good and spirited piece of figure drawing. Close by we are tempted to vent our spleen on (657), "Exercise," by O. M. Brown, which is, without exception, the most painful attempt at drawing we have ever seen. We can, after much mental exertion, divine that the perpetrator of this hideous thing, designs to pourtray a man riding a horse on the sands, with two dogs (or dragons) careering beside him. Personally, we have no objection to Mr. or Mrs. O. M. Brown (as the case may be) pourtraying dragons or boa constrictors at exercise, but we do object to those noble animals, the horse and the dog, being handed down to posterity in such fearful and impossible shapes. We can only conclude either that the Hanging Committee were drunk when they passed this execrable production, or that the Academy Exhibition is indebted for it to some equally unforeseen accident. (661), "Castle Rock, Lynmouth, Devon," G. Childs, is a week and ineffective landscape; but after having had our favourite corn trodden on, as it has been by Mr. Brown, we can afford to pass it by without more severe condemnation. (664), "A Breton Peasant," by W. R. Dickinson, is full of character, and shows very careful and accurate study, alike in drawing and colouring. (667), is another attempt at pourtraying the voyage of H.M.S. "Monarch" conveying the remains of the late Mr. G. Peabody to America, by S. H. Wilson. There is an oil painting by R. Dudley (No. 50), that did not particularly strike us, on the same subject, and, as far as art is concerned, of about the same calibre as Mr. Wilson's picture. The especial fault we find in this is a want of crispness in the waves; but, taken as a whole, it is an average production and will pass muster, though far from first class. (677), "Anxious Times," by A. H. Luxmore, is very carefully painted and commendable; its neighbour (678), "Down in the World," by W. B. Bunney, is an ambitious bid for sympathy, which we decline to accord. The colouring is crude and harsh, and the attitude and design of the figure theatrical. (679), "Early Morning off Hastings," by W. R. Beverley, is a very ordinary sea view; but (681), "The Medway, near Maidstone," by W. F. Stocks, is good in every way. The colouring true and effective, and the composition of the picture natural and artistic. Here end our labours; and as we leave the Academy, and hail a Hansom in Piccadilly, we console ourselves with the reflection that, if our art criticisms have not in all cases met with the acquiescence of our readers, they may be granted, at least, the merit of impartiality.

London Lyrics.

No. 28.

JEUNESSE DORÉE.

GENTLE youth, the morn is waning,
Turn thee in thy feverish bed.
Mutter low the sad complaining,
Something aches within thy head;
Stretch thy hand and grasp the bottle,
Mix the faithful S. and B.;
Pour it down thy poor parched throttle,
Life is life indeed to thee!

Hark! a church clock strikes eleven,
Now thy happy day begins;
Foolish bores may rise at seven,
Still the polished tortoise wins;
Idiots seek the grimy City,
Thou bright Fashion's gayest flow;
Smile at work with amplest pity,
Gilded royalty of the Row!

Dainty breakfast strive to swallow,
Wash it down with blackest tea;
Let the iced champagne cup follow,
Gilead's balm for such as thee;
Choose the costliest Havannah,
Smoke it till thy white hands shake,
Then, in most æsthetic manner,
Robe, the morning lounge to take.

Gently let the Hansom take thee
To the corner of the Park;
Rudely doth the paved road shake thee,
And excite thy strong remark.
Thou hast gained the Row-side shady:
Sit down in the welcome chair;
Sweetly gaze at every lady,
What so pleasant as thy stare?

Make thy genial observations
On each well-shaped Amazon;
Darkly hint thou hast relations
Somewhat warm with such an one;
Pass thy pretty critique on her,
Tinged with puny passion's fire,
Sneer away a woman's honour,
Softly smiling, gentle liar!

Deeming thou the gayest one shone
In the bright and brilliant maze;
Slowly hie thee to thy luncheon
Through hot Piccadilly's blaze.
More champagne shall stir within thee
Little thoughts of pigmy fame,
Chops and chutnee warmly win thee
Strength to play thy childish game.

Smoke and billiards guile the hours
Till 'tis time thou seek'st the shade,
All be-gloved and decked with flowers,
Of the Burlington Arcade.
Here thy choice companions meet thee—
Well-dressed mockeries of men;
Painted faces boldly greet thee—
Oh, but thou art happy then!

Dinner calls thy smoke-dried palate
To the food thou scarce canst eat;
Essay boldly, never shall it
E'er be said that thou art beat.
Fill the bumper, taste the dishes,
Nought thy stomach can appal,
Though the appetite fails the wishes—
Then, with flushed cheek, seek the Stall.

On thine ear the words of passion
Fall with dull and hollow sound;
In thy little code of fashion
Love of genius is not found.
Art and Thought can never wake thee
From thy dreams of coarse grotesque;
To thy Paradise can take thee
Only glittering Burlesque!

Then to wanton orgy hie thee:
Thou art in thy glory there;
Phryne's hands will amply ply thee
With the sparkling wine she 'll share.
Call the cachinnation laughter,
Think the vulgar jokes are wit;
What to thee what may come after?
Fair thy god is—worship it!

Art thou man, or art thou monkey?
Very ass thou seem'st to me;
But I won't insult the donkey
By comparing him with thee.
He, at least, has instinct, power;
Does the work he has to do;
E'en the butterfly through its hour
Never wholly heedless flew.

What art thou? a thing of beauty!
Not at all a joy for aye—
Labour, perseverance, duty,
All are swept out of thy way.
Hide thee, hide thee, *jeunesse dorée*,
Thou that makest nature sob—
Saddest tinsel is thy glory,
Pale-faced, pampered, paltry Snob!

The Man in the Stalls.

HIP, hip, hurrah! Another genuine success!—another deadly stab at the sensational trash which depended for success on the bridges over the river Thames! Mr. Albery, who was forgotten as one of the adapters of "Sullivan," has come out with a little comedy, which even goes beyond the now famous productions of T. W. Robertson. If the *casuels* of the Strand have half the good taste of the aristocrats who rush to Tottenham-street, the Vaudeville is likely to enjoy a vogue not inferior to that which has been the portion of Marie Bancroft's box. I will not affect to have seen the *Two Roses* on the boards;—I am wrong: I see them everywhere on the perpendicular hoardings appropriated by Willing or Henshaw;—but more, I hear of them on every side, and shall make an effort to squeeze my obesity into a stall next week. People tell me—but no matter; I will not believe that Mr. Albery has produced a new edition of the quarrels of York and Lancaster. I am sure his roses are more amicable than the thorny emblems of party which made three reigns hideous. But in whatever way he treats two of Flora's most

gracious gifts, Mr. Albery has paid a compliment to the taste of the public in supposing it desirous of accepting a pure dramatic literature in preference to any further instalments of indecency and villainy. The rage for *demireps* and detectives, headers, and the fire brigade, has subsided. The school of writers who hold up the mirror to good society has superseded the delineators of low vices.

Faute de mieux, I have been again to see *Mary Warner*. I do not know Mr. Tom Taylor —am under no obligation, therefore, to praise his works; Mrs. Liston never sends me an order to the Olympic stalls; to Miss Bateman I am, personally, a stranger; my opinion, therefore, is free. Miss Bateman, I say, then, unreservedly, is no tragedian: her soul is guaged, like a parlour thermometer, only by the comfortable degrees of warmth and coolness, and within these degrees her strong magnetic nature and her earnest study of externalities would make her successful to the gratification of a reasonable ambition, but beyond that she may not go safely. It is an almost universal curse of art aspiration, that it will climb to the highest points, where it can by any effort cling, instead of going only so high as it may rest securely, easily, and so triumphantly that we wonder it does not go higher. Nothing is well done that is not done with apparent ease; and when the artist feels his hold of his ground insecure he should stop, and retrace his steps until he is at home again.

What is the matter with the Surrey theatre, that no manager seems able to hold his or her position for more than a few weeks? Have the transpontines become so vulgarised that nothing but that *cloaca maxima*, the Victoria, or that small dust-hole, the Bower Saloon, will suit them? Or shall I, in charity, suppose that the taste of the inhabitants of Lambeth Marsh has been so elevated by Creswick and Shepherd, that anything inferior to what they were wont to produce will not be accepted? To one who has studied the history of the Surrey for half a century, the fluctuations of its career is a problem. Fortunes have been made there; the highest efforts of genius have been nurtured within its walls. Elliston produced some capital pieces. Tom Dibdin's management was still more remarkable. Davidge followed, and reaped a great harvest. Was it not at the Surrey that the *Heart of Mid Lothian* (the precursor of Boucicault's *Jeanie Deans*) *Black Eyed Susan*, *Don Giovanni*, *Ivanhoe*, and *Kenilworth*, and a dozen other excellent dramas and operettas, burst into existence? Did not T. P. Cooke, the benefactor of the Dramatic College, Buckstone, Keeley, and other celebrities, come over the water to us from the Surrey? Have not all our best actors and singers starred it under Shepherd's government? And, to conclude the catalogue of the Surrey's claims to renown, has it not been burnt to the ground, and rebuilt, two or three times? There is no doubt the house fell into rapid decay after Davidge went the way of all flesh. Nothing was produced by his widow but a succession of the most miserable dramas, badly translated from the French. All the serious acting was of the spread-eagle school; combats of eight, cast-iron lungs, and the lowest kind of low buffoonery, formed the staple of the performances, and dirt and ruffianism the characteristics of the audience. But Shepherd and Creswick came in, effected a bold reform, and for nearly a generation the performances were rational, often classical, always correct, and sometimes superior—witness *True to the Core*. Why those clever men gave in can only be accounted for on the supposition that Spurgeon had presented a counter attraction. Mrs. Pitt made a sad *fiasco* of her short reign—and Mr. Shelley has not done any better. A man of genius, who could produce a rattling spectacle with good dialogue and situations of sensational interest, might bring back the fortune and the fame of the house. There is no other way. Would you recommend my trying the experiment? I have one undeniable recommendation for the venture—I am not "worth one ducat." I don't, like Jaffier, thank heaven for my impecuniosity, but I believe there is virtue in it. How often we hear of men beginning life without a shilling, and yet reaping fortunes! Denvil, who made his mark in Lord Byron's *Manfred*, assured me that he had not one penny in the world when he took the Olympic. I lent him a sovereign and while bidding an eternal farewell to that particular effigy of her blessed Majesty, I expressed my surprise that he should venture upon so serious an undertaking on so slender a capital. "Why, my dear sir," was his reply, "do you suppose that any man with *two* sovereigns in the world would take a theatre?" "Well, but how will you manage to get the house and the company, and the etcetera?" "Lor bless your simple heart"— (this was more complimentary to my integrity than my understanding)— "it's the easiest thing in life. The owner of the theatre is getting no rent now. Half a-loaf is better than no bread. I tell him to put in his own money-taker, and appropriate half the receipts, if *under his rent*; the other half comes to the 'general coffers of the state.' The unemployed actors who swarm and starve will engage themselves on the chance of the ghost walking on Saturday—ditto the band. One word pays printers, bill-stickers, and gas, and that magical word is—TICK. For a little ready money to begin with for advertisements, and the *manager's* family, and private refreshment, I let my saloon and box-book, and get a week's tin in advance. There! —that's my *modus operandibus*." "Very clever—but suppose the ghost is lame on Saturday—and can't 'walk'?" "Then I *do*. D'ye take? Good-bye." And that I suspect is the history of half the dramatic enterprises of which we hear. Beginning in poverty, they exist for a time under a course of miserable expedients, and then "bust up," exploding with "a melodious twang and a curious perfume." Let us hope that better things are in store for Miss Henrietta Hodson. She is said to have become the lessee of the Royalty, *vice* the winsome Patty Oliver, "whom we miss." Miss Hodson's individual popularity is considerable. She was always excellent in comedy and burlesque; but she was never suspected of the possession of so much power as she manifested when Mrs. Rousby's enforced repose brought her out as the Princess Elizabeth. That trial of Miss Hodson's strength demonstrated the existence of a rare artistic power, susceptible of adaptation to any class of the drama.

After I had written my observations on the Surrey, I was led to pay it a visit, to see Mr. Fairclough as Sir Edward Mortimer in the *Iron Chest*. That drama, founded on Caleb Williams's once famous novel, was a pleasing thing in its entirety. In the music, the babbling of Adam Winterton, the comicality of Samson Rawbold, the interest which surrounded Wilford, and some pretty scenery, there was much relief to the gloominess of the scenes in which Sir Edward appeared. Bereft of these accessories, the drama is totally uninteresting, and nothing but the genius of an Edmund Kean could make it tolerable. Mr. Fairclough, who showed at the Lyceum of what he is capable, was unwise to select such an emasculation for his re-appearance after an absence of two years. The field is now so clear for a tragedian of his rare powers, that we should have thought he would have chosen parts of a higher character, in plays of an acknowledged popularity. It is long since we had a Sir Giles Overreach, a Luke, a Bertram, an Octavian, for each of which Mr. Fairclough is well adapted. He has a fine expressive eye, a superior elocution, a neat figure, and, bating a tendency to fling about his arms, his action is free from objection. Let us hope that he will work out a place for himself, with a company better fitted to support his impersonations than that which now discredits the Surrey.

Astley's has been struggling lately into a petty, a very petty, notoriety. Italian opera, done by a third-rate English company, has received but a small measure of favour. What else could have been expected? A population trained to believe in horsemanship and acrobatic clowns—indifferent to a higher class of drama than *Mazeppa*—incapable of relishing Miss Pyne and a good orchestra—could not, by any possibility, be brought to appreciate Verdi or Bellini. If the manager could have stripped Azucena, and sent her flying over mountains and torrents on a bare-backed steed, whose wild career was not so meteoric as to prevent a patient examination of her proportions; or if he could have placed a Gomersalian Pollione at the head of an army, and realised a Roman Waterloo, with fifty men of the Foot Guards and a dozen supers, he—might have filled the gallery and half the pit. Astley's, I suspect, has irrevocably fallen. Mrs. Batty should never have allowed Boucicault to extinguish the equine-imity of the house.

Science in sport revels at the Polytechnic. In the hands of the celebrated Professor Pepper chemistry is made easy—astronomy becomes a pastime—optics are at once delusive and intelligible. I dare say a good deal of seed has been sown among industrials and the adolescence of the middle classes, which, in some form or other, fructifies. But I do not think that the Polytechnic is altogether a favourite of the cultivated people or the upper ten; and I will venture to tell Mr. Pepper the reason why. *His lecturers are not gentlemen*, or, at least, lack a *gentlemanly manner and delivery*. This is a *sine qua non* with an educated audience. It was the great secret of the extraordinary success of the Diorama of the "Overland Route" at the Gallery of Illustration. Nothing could be more pictorially beautiful than the paintings of Grieve, Telbin, and Absalon; nothing better, in their way, than the atmospheric and other illusions. Kings, queens, princes, dukes, and duchesses, and all that was great in art, science, and literature, crowded to the Gallery and applauded the exhibition; yet have I often heard it said that the exquisite pictures were nought in comparison with the lecture, which was simply a brief explanation of what was not patent to all the spectators. The secret lay in the lecturer, or exponent, placing himself on a level with those whom he addressed. He treated them with the polished courtesy of a host receiving a great many guests. Vulgar lecturers either acknowledge their slavish inferiority, or assume an insolent superiority: the former bearing excites pity and contempt, too often justified by the poverty of the descriptions—the latter is offensive to the *amour propre* of the upper-crusts. I quite agree with the late General Sir Charles Napier, that fresh butter is better in Jenny's brown jug than nothing in Lady Gentility's Grecian vase; but fresh butter in the Grecian vase is more suited to refined tastes than the same article in an earthen jug. What made James Silk Buckingham so successful? what imparted an additional charm to the melodious fun of John Parry? They bore themselves like gentlemen. Their peers unconsciously admitted their equality as the homage freely rendered to their talent. The same thing may be said of Corney Grain, at the Gallery of Illustration. It is a case of John Parry *redivivus*; —the same mastery of the expressive powers of the piano—the same quiet method of describing absurd and familiar situations and incidents—the same vocal flexibility. The *School Feast* will take rank with *Mrs. Roseleaf's Party*. And while I am upon the merits of the gentlemanly youth who has lately added to the attractions of the Gallery of Illustration, let me offer a syllable of admiration, with triple interjectional signs, of the performance of *Ages Ago* and *Blind Man's Bouffe*. German Reed's humour is a *leetle* forced in the first piece, the result of too much study of the Italian buffo school. He relies on grimace and gesticulation, presenting in this a remarkable contrast to the quiet humour of Cecil, who is a delicate tenor, exactly suited to a limited area. But German Reed is stupendous as the simulated blind Irishman in the free version of *Les Deux Aveugles*. It is a piece of rich, broad humour that I have never seen paralleled; and the brogue is delicious. Mrs. German Reed's notes carried me back to the days when her *Ariel* was a feature of *The Tempest*. *Esto perpetua!* I regret that the lease of the Gallery expires this year. It has been an elegant place of resort since 1850; and, if it falls into hands less capable than its first and last tenants of ministering to refined tastes, a blank will be left in the few graceful and simple public entertainments we possess.

AMATEUR DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.

The amateur dramatic performance at St. George's Hall, announced in our last, is unavoidably postponed.

We notice that the new opera of "Esmeralda," by Signor Campana, will be produced for the first time in England at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, on Tuesday next, in which Madame Adelina Patti will sustain the character of Esmeralda.

The Grumbler.

HIGH roads, bye roads, and bridges, should be public property, and free to every one? Of course they should, but they are not. Take, for instance, Waterloo Bridge, which, without a toll, would be a convenience; but without it is a nuisance. Tolls are cheap and low enough, at any rate. Are they? Well, perhaps they may be for shareholders' dividends, but they are a sad tax upon public patience. I seem to speak feelingly? Well, certainly I do. Why, only last night, having obtained from our excellent friend, that inimitable actor, old Chalkface, a box, to witness his clever performance in Rugantino, or the Red-breeched Boy (a domestic drama of thrilling interest), and having taken it to our mutual friend Old Toper, of 450, Stamford-street, Toper, his wife, and their charming daughter, Clorinda Jane, accepted the use of the vehicle I had thoughtfully provided for them, and, escorted by myself, proceeded to the neighbourhood of the Strand. I had just pointed out to Miss Clorinda the house in which the mysterious murder was perpetrated some five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, when I was interrupted by a peremptory demand for toll—politely, 'tis true; but firmly, nevertheless. Toper had nothing but gold in his purse (by-the-bye, I have observed he never has when I have been with him); and, as to myself, I had nothing but large silver, and the shilling and sixpence for the fare of the vehicle. Handing, however, half-a-crown to the tollman, I receive back a two-shilling piece and fourpence in coppers — two huge penny pieces and four miserable, greasy, dirty halfpennies. "Cabin'd, cribbed, confined," as we were in the stuffy rattling, ricketty vehicle, called a cab, it was impossible to deposit such change in the usual receptacle for such small matters—my breeches pocket, so down I had to stuff them into my waistcoat pocket, knocking the dear Clorinda's nose, and almost poking her lovely eye with my elbow, and soiling at once the purity of my laundress's pride, and seriously destroying the graceful symmetry of my form, just in that part of my person that has latterly manifested a most unkind tendency to unwieldy bulk, despite the strictness with which I have adhered to fast days and Bantingtonian principles.

No great inconvenience after all—wasn't it? Well, perhaps, you may not think so. But I will tell you what would have made you think, and, what would have most confoundedly "*riled*" you, had it occurred to yourself. The performance of Rugantino, I need scarcely remind you, is one of thrilling interest, and lasts till a quarter to twelve P.M. I had quitted the theatre but once during the performance, and that was to debarrass myself of the stone weight of copper with which I was encumbered, and which I prudently invested in the purchase of one of Los Roderigo's full flavoured cauliflower's. I had forgotten all about the bridge and its nuisance of a toll, and when, after gracefully quitting the Toper party at the door of the theatre, I threw myself into a Hansom exclaiming, "Waterloo Station—quick as light—Loop line"; and with not a moment to spare for a glass of "Oh be joyful," or time for refreshment and to catch the last train, imagine my feelings, picture my annoyance, upon again being summoned to stop, pull up, and pay toll again. Nothing but half crowns, a stray sovereign, and two or three florins. Then the bother of trying to distinguish between the florins and half crowns. A florin at last—not a moment, I know, to spare. The toll-man hands me one shilling; seeks a sixpence—horrid delay! then fumbles for fourpence—agonies of suspense! Thank goodness, off again! A loud, clear, premonitory tick. Is it? Was it Old Ben? Yes, and twelve o'clock sounds sonorously just as we dash frantically up that steep Tarpeian Hill that has been cursed by every cab-horse in London, and which leads direct to the portals of the South Western Railway. "Too late, sir; last train just started." Of course—I knew it. I had missed the train, and had to charter the vehicle I was in, with its surly, exorbitant driver, and outpaced, blown, broken-kneed knacker, at an imposition charge of twelve shillings to take me to the expectant arms of Mrs. Growler, and the home of all my anxious young Growlings, there to meet with just reprehension at my unavoidable extravagance, and awaken suspicion, from the lateness of the hour, of my fidelity to matrimonial charms; and this, all this, simply because some Company or other possess the right of stopping me on the Queen's highway, and demanding twopence. Well, if bridges are required, and are built, they must be paid for—must they? Well, I suppose they must; but that is no reason why every time I cross one I should be stopped, delayed, and compelled to pay twopence; nor that Mrs. Growler should be kept from her sleep, and be made disagreeable and suspicious, or be frightened into fancying I have been garotted at least, because the Waterloo Bridge Company must make twelve thousand a-year. No, the whole thing is a mistake, a great injustice, moreover, and might be remedied easily enough. How? Why by simply allowing the Chancellor of the Exchequer to obtain an annual grant for the purchase of all the tolls on roads and bridges throughout the whole length and breadth of the country. After all, it would amount to a very small additional tax, and in a year or two we should have no such things—such nuisances and obstructions — as toll bars, toll gates, or over-taxing bridges. Do you know Putney Bridge? Yes, you do. Well then, you know about the most unsightly engineering bridge architectural monstrosity in the whole universe; and just conceive a one-horse vehicle having to pay sixpence to pass over it. Why, if I was Director of any Assurance Company, I should insist upon an extra, yes, additional premium upon any life proposed for assurance in my Company, that was likely ever to have to pass over that old broken-down, antiquated piece of black-and-white rottenness, called Putney Bridge. That, like many others, should be at once swept away, and replaced by security at all events, and the whole surveillance of roads and bridges be taken away from parochial or private management, or mismanagement, and placed immediately under a special Governmental Department—Ayrton, of course, would be proud of the charge; and while he would necessarily have a little more patronage, the public at large would be greatly benefited, and have no cause, as they now have, to growl, or, if they had, they would know whose fault it was, and at whom they should grumble.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

THE racing of the past week, though large in quantity, was feeble in quality, and may, especially in the face of Ascot, be passed over without comment. The future presents metal far more attractive; and if the signs of a well-filled programme and an over-filled metropolis have any significance, the Royal Meeting has this year an even more than ordinary triumphant celebration awaiting it. According to what I believe is a discreet custom, I shall confine my attention to the principal events to be decided during the week—a list, on this occasion, of far from inconsiderable extent.

The Ascot Stakes, the time-honoured attraction of the first day, has an entry of 44, of which, perhaps, a dozen may see the post. The top-weights seem to have been rather heavily dealt with; and even Cecil, who is the best of them, will fail to carry 9st 1lb into a prominent position. Socrates, 7st 13lb, is the first horse in the list which appears to have a chance, and even he does not look tempting by the side of such contemporaries as Wild Flower, 7st 6lb, the Briton, 7st, or Hobart, 6st 9lb; yet, if Curio will only take it into his head to run as kindly here as he did on Wednesday at Manchester, he should, penalty notwithstanding, hold the lot safe; and I am inclined, foolhardy though it seems, to give him the preference over everything above the age of three years. That section, however, will be so formidably represented by Halnaby, 5st 13lb, and Five per Cent, 5st 12lb, that it must carry my confidence; and, in declaring for

HALNABY,

I do so with the conviction that he will repay any investment.

It is no trifle, this hot weather, to have to try and eliminate the winner from the 92 subscribers to the Prince of Wales' Stakes, a prize rich enough to prevent even an Eclipse being permitted a chance of anything approaching a walk over. Kingcraft, partial as his breed are to Ascot, may find the fatal "9lb extra" as great a stumbling-block as other Derby victors; and if Macgregor has recovered from the shaking he experienced at Epsom, he might prove his partisans to be right in believing that dark page in backers' history to be a mistake. But I must say that, from what I saw, I am sceptical of Mr. Merry's colt being himself for some time to come; and, much as I desire to see the positions of the first and fourth in the Derby reversed, and my judgment vindicated, I dare not predict his success. No one should bet on the race until they have had an opportunity of a careful inspection of the pair. It is, in my belief, a question of fitness. If Macgregor come to the post sound and well he will win; if not, it is long odds on KINGCRAFT against the field.

On Wednesday, the Hunt Cup will once more introduce us to the prettiest race of the year, though its beauty would be much enhanced to the speculator if the task of anticipating its result were less hopeless. The seer who could hit the gold in once, might fairly be held equal to taking the command of the Channel Fleet, or to pronouncing a satisfactory judgment in the Mordaunt case. I dare not aspire to such a distinction, and shall content myself with indicating a lot which should not be omitted from the calculations of any one desiring to justify a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, by early wagering on this terrible mantrap. A careful consideration of my *Calendar*, and a calm weighing of probabilities, lead me to believe that Friponnier, 8st 12lb; Typhoeus, 8st 8lb; Plaudit, 8st 6lb; Heather Bell, 8st 2lb; Tabernacle, 7st; Blacklock, 6st 6lb; Moonstone, 6st 5lb; and Dolphin, 5st 9lb, are the pick of this large basket, and if my head were dependent on my pinning my faith to a couple, they should be TYPHOEUS and HEATHER BELL.

The best performers in the New Stakes are Sister to Pandore (5lb extra), Chevisaunce (5lb extra), The Rambling Katie filly, and Turquoise, who will carry a not altogether deserved penalty for her half success at Epsom. After the close fight Mr. Merry's filly made of it with Sister to Pandore in the Woodcote, it is impossible to doubt her being able to defeat Mr. Chaplin's representative at 5lb; and as the opponents of neither Chevisaunce nor Turquoise were of so high a class, I fancy that nothing that has run in public will be able to compete successfully with the yellow and black. As to the dark candidates, I have heard favourable reports of Naaman, Lætitia, Fisherman, Bothwell, and St. Vincent; but unless the good-looking Fisherman be equal to the task, I fancy none of them will defeat RAMBLING KATIE filly, to whom alone I confide my hopes.

Thursday's "grandeur" will hardly depend on the interest of the race for the Gold Cup, which promises this year to be even less exciting than usual. The only question seems to be whether Blue Gown, in the hands of his new and spirited proprietor, M. André, will do better battle than when he succumbed to Brigantine last year. There is no three-year-old like Sir F. Johnstone's mare in the field this time; and, though Blue Gown will be no better for another year, he should be able to account satisfactorily for all such contemporaries as Restitution, Trocadèro, Morna, & Co. The best of the young ones likely to come to the post is the useful Falkland, who will carry the honoured colours of Lord Zetland creditably there is little doubt; but I cannot believe in his capability of throwing

BLUE GOWN

into the shade, though he may just defeat Trocadèro, who has every chance of finishing in the first three.

On Friday the Alexandra Plate, that crucial test of the stamina of the thoroughbred, will probably see Trocadèro, Midsummer, Mysotis, and Siderolite, candidates for the added thousand, and, in spite of the claims of Sir Joseph Hawley and Mr. Watt, I shall here anticipate another "Midsummer Day" for Baron Rothschild.

The other events will be best dealt with on the day, and on the spot.

FORECAST.

HINTS TO THE ANONYMOUS.

c. by Saunterer—Curse Royal ..... *Procrastination.*
c. by Exchequer—Contadina ..... *Peter's Pence.*
c. by Saunterer—Esther ..... *Mordecai.*
c. by Amsterdam—Sunset ..... *Van de Neer.*
c. by King John—July ..... *Runnymede.*
c. by Marsyas—Bess Lyon ..... *Lion Skin.*
c. by Thormanby—Woodbine ..... *Woodstock.*
f. by Blair Athol—Entremêt ..... *Athol Brose.*
f. by Gladiateur—Actress ..... *Sham Fight.*
f. by Saunterer—Triangle ..... *Pons Asinorum.*
c. by Saunterer—Fayaway ..... *Fainéant.*
f. by Blair Athol—Molly Carew ..... *Molly Bawn.*
f. by High Treason—Isabel ..... *Pronunciamiento*
f. by Marsyas—Agra ..... *Noor Mahal.*
f. by Savernake—Flight ..... *Sauve qui peut.*
c. by Pathfinder—Sacrifice ..... *Tomahawk.*
f. by St. Albans—Bradamante ..... *Bradawl.*
f. by St. Albans—Overture ..... *Anthem.*
f. by St. Albans—Garnish ..... *Vestment.*
f. by St. Albans—Doralice ..... *St. Dorothy.*
c. by Dundee—Reconnaissance ..... *Moss Trooper.*
c. by St. Albans—Blister ..... *Controversy*
c. by Claret—Arrah-na-Pogue ..... *Cruiskeen Lawn*
c. by Skirmisher—Ostentation ..... *Parollet.*
f. by Marsyas—Pearl ..... *Pearl Powder.*
c. by Dundee—Gondoline ..... *Loch Leven.*
c. by Macaroni—Songstress ..... *Yankee Doodle.*
c. by Adventurer—Anxiety ..... *Forlorn Hope.*
f. by Claret—La Dame ..... *Latour.*
f. by Prime Minister—Alarm Bell ..... *Division Bell.*
c. by Trumpeter—Miserima ..... *Dead March.*
f. by Underhand—The Jealous One ..... *Liaison.*
c. by Saccharometer—Alice Lee ..... *Ben Bolt.*
c. by Saccharometer—Birdlime ..... *Rebat Laboum.*
f. by Oxford—Miss Fanny ..... *Commemoration.*
c. by Victorious—Eugénie ..... *Prince Eugene.*
f. by Scottish Chief—Rambling Katie ..... *Katie Stuart.*
c. by Vedette—Mousey ..... *Tom Cat.*
f. by Newminster—Bonny Bell ..... *Curfew.*

The annual unreserved sale of her Majesty's yearlings, consisting of twenty-four lots, will be held by Messrs. Tattersall, at the Royal Paddocks, Hampton-court, this day (Saturday), the sale to commence at half-past one o'clock. Messrs. Tattersall will immediately afterwards dispose of sixteen valuable yearlings, the property of Sir Lydston Newman, on Hampton-green.

Messrs. Tattersall have received instructions to sell at Newmarket, in the July week, all the horses in training belonging to the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, together with his lordship's valuable breeding stud, consisting of upwards of twenty brood mares and foals, and the stallions Citadel, Cambuscan, and Newcastle.

The following horses have been entered for the Goodwood Cup:—Argyle, 4 yrs; Pero Gomez, 4 yrs; Knight of the Garter, 6 yrs; Morna, 4 yrs; Siderolite, 4 yrs; Sabinus, 3 yrs; Sweet Sound, 3 yrs; Brigantine, 4 yrs; Border Knight, 4 yrs; Bonny Swell, 3 yrs; Pâte, 3 yrs; Chawbacon, 3 yrs; Musket, 3 yrs; Sunshine, 3 yrs; Restitution, 5 yrs; Recorder, 3 yrs; Champion, 3 yrs; Normanby, 3 yrs; Hester, 3 yrs; Starter, 4 yrs; and Muster, 3 yrs.

Mr. Ashbury, the owner of the Cambria, gave a dinner on Thursday evening last to Mr. Douglas, of the Sappho, at the Star and Garter Hotel, Richmond. The company included the Lord Chief Baron, Mr. Longfellow, Commodore Lee, Lord William Lennox, Lord Borthwick, Viscount Gort, Mr. Chadwick, M.P., &c. The Prince of Wales and Mr. Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, were unavoidably absent.

Cheering reports are given of the prospects of the shooting season in Yorkshire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire. The disease amongst the grouse has almost entirely disappeared, and owing to the lenity shown to the birds for the last two years, the moors have become re-stocked.

"As to betting," says Mr. Edmund Tattersall, in a letter published yesterday, "there are so many exaggerated and false notions on this point, that a few words may be useful. First, there is not one-tenth of the betting there was a few years since among the members of Tattersall's. I confine myself to what I know. There was only one real legitimate Derby book open on the late Derby, and there is not one yet open on the next. Formerly there would have been twenty, and half of them full. The thing speaks for itself to those who know anything about it. To those who do not the fact will come as a surprise, after all they have heard of late. Betting will continue as long as Englishmen remain what they are. The Englishman likes speculation. We should never have been the people we are without it. If betting is to be abolished, you must shut up the Stock Exchange; for I am prepared to prove that, on a settling day for one fortnight within this year, there was more money paid over in excess of speculation than was won and lost by all the betting of the year. The wise men came from the East. I think in London they live there still; for in the City they call it business, but we foolish people at the West-end call it betting. The world is so led away by names of things. Both in their way are good enough. It is only the abuse of either that does any harm. But when a crash comes in the City, Black Friday there beggars thousands, while in the betting world two or three silly moths get their wings singed."

Last week the members of the Hungarian Ornithological Society, at Pesth, dispatched two carrier pigeons to Cologne, whence they had arrived two days before. Four Hungarian pigeons accompanied the Rhenish ones as an escort, and returned shortly after. The pigeons commenced their flight at six a.m., and at five on the same afternoon a telegram arrived from Cologne, stating that they had reached that town at two, thus performing the whole distance between Pesth and Cologne (about 600 miles) in eight hours.

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

Grand Prize of Paris (1 mile 7 fur.)..... Sunday, June 12.
Ascot Stakes (2½ miles) ..... Tues., June 14.
Ascot Gold Cup (2½ miles) ..... Thurs., June 16.
Northumberland Plate (2 miles) ..... Wed., June 22.
Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles) ..... Wed., July 27.
Goodwood Cup (2½ miles) ..... Thurs., July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1¾ miles) ..... Tues., August 2.
Brighton Cup (2 miles) ..... Wed., August 3.
Lewes Grand Handicap (2 miles) ..... Sat., August 6.
Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles)..... Wed., August 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1¾ miles) ..... Thurs., August 25.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.) Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yds.)... Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yds.) ... Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yds.)... Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs) ..... Wed., Oct. 12.
Roxburghe Handicap (1¼ miles) ..... Tues., Oct. 18.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yds.) ... Tuesday, Oct. 25.

RACING FIXTURES.

JUNE.

Ascot	14	Aldershot	27
Beverley	15	Odiham	28
Windsor	21	New Forest Hunt	28
Newcastle	21	Newton	29
Newark	23	Bibury Club	29
Hampton	23	Stockbridge	30

JULY.

Sutton Park	5	West Drayton	14
Carlisle	5	Southampton	14
Newmarket	5	Airdrie	14
Worcester	7	Isle of Man	14
Pontefract	11	Knutsford	15
Reading	12	Huntingdon	19
Nottingham	12	Kingsbury	21
Canterbury	12	Goodwood	26

AUGUST.

Brighton	2	Lichfield	16
Tiverton	3	Stockton	17
Brighton Club	4	Oxford	18
Lewes	5	York	23
Leek	8	Plymouth	25
Egham	9	Scarborough	29
Wolverhampton	9	Rainham	29
Windsor	11	Derby Summer	30
Paisley	11	Weymouth	30
Radcliffe	12	Liverpool	31
Bromley	16		

SEPTEMBER.

Warwick	6	Western Meeting (Ayr)	21
Abingdon	8	Hendon	22
Doncaster	13	Monmouth	22
Hampton Autumn	20	Newmarket 1st Oct.	27
Richmond	20	Lanark	29

OCTOBER.

Bedford	4	Kelso	18
Leicester	6	Cheltenham Autumn	18
Bromley	6	Newmarket Houghton	24
Newmarket 2nd Oct.	10		

NOVEMBER.

Liverpool Autumn	8	Shrewsbury	14

In the Arena.

THE Nottingham Football Club Sports attracted very fair entries, including the coming Northern sprint runner, Mr. Clegg, and several gentlemen from the London Athletic Club, who were nearly all winners. Mr. Baker did not run, as had been generally expected, in either the Quarter-mile or 150 Yards race, which was rather a drawback, as it left those two races at the mercy of Mr. Clegg. Mr. Rogers won the Steeplechase and Volunteers' race very easily from moderate fields. The great feature of the afternoon sport was, undoubtedly, the performance of Mr. Scott in the mile; this gentleman ran the distance in the hitherto unequalled amateur time of 4min. 26½sec. It is a great pity that this gentleman did not run at the Champion Meeting for his club, as, according to this performance and his running at Richmond in the Three Miles race, he must have won both the Champion Mile and Four Miles races; but we expect that there must have been something wrong with the measurement, as Mr. Scott, at the finish of the race at Nottingham, evidently had plenty in him, and could have won, certainly, in one or two seconds shorter time; indeed, we know for a fact, that the measuring chains at Nottingham are very defective *in the middle*. Mr. Rye at length made his long-promised re-appearance as a walker, and, like the generality of resuscitated ones, met with defeat; at the same time, it is but fair to say he was incapacitated in some degree through the heat of the sun, but then both the men who finished in front of him are "nummers" at a mile, although they have neither of them the lasting powers of the Honorary Secretary to the L.A.C. Mr. Cockerell added another victory to his list of hurdle-race wins, in the very good time of 17½sec. for 120 yards over 10 flights of hurdles. The evergreen Mr. Duckworth carried off the High Jump from the London representative, Mr. Harwood, who cleared 5ft. 5in., while the winner accomplished 2in. higher.

The sports between the Post Office and Inland Revenue came off at Lillie Bridge, on Wednesday last, and resulted in four victories for the Post Office and three for the Inland Revenue. Mr. Sydenham Dixon, the winner of the Civil Service Mile, won the Three Miles race very easily. There was also, during the afternoon, an open 200 Yards handicap, which attracted a large entry, the winner turning up in Mr. Thomas Collett, of the Inland Revenue, who had 12 yards' start, but who, in his heat, had only been able to run a dead heat for second honours. We are not aware who made the handicap; but we certainly, without hesitation, pronounce it the best framed one that has been issued this year; as, in the final heat, the finish was so close the judge was unable to place a second.

The Match, at Lord's, on Whit Monday, between the North and South, brought together nearly all the crack men of the day, and ended in an easy victory for the North, who were very strong in the bowling department; and the batting of Mr. Grace, on the behalf of the South, did not "come off," as was generally expected. Indeed, by far the best cricket shown by any one player, was the batting of Mr. C. F. Buller;—the elegance, ease, and consummate mastery with which the old Harrovian played the deadly bowling of Shaw and Wootton, was well worth the trouble of going some distance to see. Hayward, who again appeared at Lord's, rendered himself conspicuous by obtaining a pair of spectacles, and, as we observed of him at the last match he played in London, he is no longer the man he was, and his long secession has evidently done him harm in more ways than one. Carpenter played in his old, careful style, and scored 73 notches before he was got rid of. Daft's 29 were obtained in the manner in which no cricketer but Daft could score. The veteran G. Parr scored 41 in something like his own peculiar style, and, evidently, age tells but slightly upon him. Wilsher, for the South, bowled magnificently; and Southerton, the man of many counties, as usual obtained his fair share of wickets. Although the match only occupied two days, the receipts at the gate, for the benefit of the Cricketers' Fund Association, were of a very satisfactory nature. The Match between the Clerks of Private and Joint Stock Banks of London was played on Wednesday at the Oval; and, for the first time for many years, the Joint Stock Banks obtained the victory, chiefly through the batting of Messrs. Head and Dinham. The Match between the counties of Surrey and Nottingham will be noticed in our next edition.

The Man About Town.

A CHRONICLE AND REVIEW
OF THE
DOINGS OF THE DAY, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

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Advertisements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Prospective Arrangements. THIS EVENING (Saturday), June 11, Verdi's Opera, LA TRAVIATA. Violetta, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi; Georgio Germont, Signor Graziani; Baron Duphol, Signor Tagliafico; Dottore Grenvil, Signor Caponi; and Alfredo, Signor Vizzani (his second appearance in England).

Next Week there will be Five Performances, viz., Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

Extra Night.—On Monday Next, June 13, FRA DIAVOLO. Madame Pauline Lucca, Mdlle. Olma, Signori Ciampi, Marino, Caravoglia, Caponi, Tagliafico, and Naudin.

The new opera of ESMERALDA, composed by Signor Campana, and lately performed at the Imperial Opera at St. Petersburgh, with such eminent success, will be produced on Tuesday Next, June 14. Esmeralda, Madame Adelina Patti; Estella, Mdlle. Scalchi; Una Vecchia, Mdlle. Anese; Claudio, Signor Graziani; Tristano, Signor Caravoglia; and Febo, Signor Naudin.

Extra Night.—On Thursday Next, June 16, LES HUGUENOTS. Valentina, Madame Pauline Lucca (her first appearance in that character these two years); Margarita di Valois, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi (her first appearance in that character); and Raoul di Nangis, Signor Mario (his first appearance in that character these two years).

Extra Night.—On Friday Next, June 17 (second time in England), ESMERALDA.

The Opera commences at half-past Eight.

A GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place in the Floral Hall, Covent Garden, on Saturday, June 18, supported by all the principal artistes of the Royal Italian Opera. To commence at two o'clock. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 5s.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.—Prospective Arrangements. THIS EVENING (Saturday) RIGOLETTO. Il Duca, Signor Mongini; Rigoletto, Mr. Santley; Sparafucile, Signor Foli; Monterone, Signor Raguer; Marullo, Signor Zoboli; Borsa, Signor Archinti; Ciprano, Signor Trevero; La Contessa, Mdlle. Briani; Giovanna, Madame Corsi; Maddalena, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Gilda, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

Monday, June 13, ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO. Roberto, Signor Mongini; Raimbaldo, Signor Gardoni; Bertramo, Signor Foli; Un Prete, Signor Gassier; Alberti, Signor Raguer; Un Araldo, Signor Rinaldini; Cavalieri, Signor Archinti, Signor Castelli, Signor Zoboli, Signor Trevero; Elena, Mdlle. Fioretti; Isabella, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska; and Alice, Mdlle. Reboux.

Tuesday, June 14, LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

Acting Manager, Mr. Jarrett.

Doors open at eight o'clock; the opera will commence at half-past. The Box-office of the theatre is open daily from ten to five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI. Every Evening, Charles Reade's famous drama, PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. Triumph of reality. The real forge, illuminating with its fire the deserted church of Cairnhope. Mr. H. Neville as Henry Little.

MOLIERE ENGLISHED.—THE MALADE IMAGINAIRE, which, by an error in judgment, has for two hundred years been excluded from the English stage, will be produced on the 13th instant, with the stage business handed down from the time of the immortal writer. To do justice to this masterpiece, Mr. Vining (late lessee of the Princess's Theatre) has been expressly engaged, and will play the part of Argau. Mrs. Seymour will return to the stage for a time to play Toinette, and Miss Florence Terry (sister of Miss Kate Terry) will make her debut as Louison.—THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.

GAIETY.—7.30, Mr. ALFRED WIGAN (by desire)

GAIETY.—In THE FIRST NIGHT (Comic Drama, one act).

GAIETY.—At a Quarter to Nine, Offenbach's latest and most popular three-act Opera Bouffe, THE PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE. 47th time in England. Exclusive right of performance.

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